SUNDAY WITH THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

"You would think it pleasant if you could flush your flowers into a brighter bloom by a kind look upon them, and do you not think it a greater thing that all this you can do for fairer flowers than these, flowers that can bless you for having blessed them and will love you for having loved them; flowers that have eyes like yours and thoughts like yours and lives like yours?"-John Ruskin.



"Are you, really?" cried Jimmieboy, delighted. "I am so glad, for I love jokes and-things. Get off a joke now,

will you?"
"Certainly," replied the obliging Comet.

"You don't know why the meon is call-

"Because it isn't a sun, so it must be a daughter," said the Comet. Isn't that

'I guess so," said Jimmieboy, trying

replied the Comct. "What do

to look as if he thought the joke a good one. "But don't you know anything fun-nier than that?"

you think of this: What is the only thing

days when you have a dinner in the afternoon. They end with a tea, don't

"That's the best yet," roared Jim-mieboy. "If you give me another like that I may laugh hard rod fall off, so

I guess you'd better hadn't."
"How would you like to hear some of
my poetry?" asked the Comet. "I'm a
great writer of poetry, I can tell you. I
won a prize once for writing more poetry
in an hour than any other Comet in

Ever see any turtle soup

"Well, turtle soup is a million times

clearer than turtles, so maybe you can get some idea of what I mean."
"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "I think I do. Nonsense poetry is like a window to you.

You can see through it in a minute.

"Exactly," said the Comet. "Only non-ense poetry hasn't any glass in it, so isn't exactly like a window to me

"Well, anyhow," put in Jimmieboy,

"Tet's have some of the poetry."
"Very good," said the Comet. "Here
goes. It's about an animal named the

Speeler, and it's called 'The Speeler's La-

Oh, many years ago, When Jack and Gill were young, There wandered to and fro

Along the glistening snow A Speeler much unstrung.

I asked the Speeler why

He gazed into my eye, And then he made reply

In language very bad.

"I'm sad," said he, "because

A Speeler true I be, And yet despite my jawa, My wings, and beak, and claws,

Despite my manners free."

Despite my feathers fine, My voice so soft and sweet,

My voice so soft and swee
My truly fair outline,
My very handsome spine,
And massive pair of feet.

In all this world of space

And it does seem to me-

On foot, on fin, on wing From Nature's top to base

There never was a trace Of any such strange thing

Indeed it truly does—
'Tis dreadful sir, to be,
As you can plainly see,
A thing that never was!''

"What's a Speeler?" said Jimmieboy.
"It isn't anythirg. There isn't any such
thing as a Speeler and that's what mode
this particular Speeler feel so badly,"
said the comet. "I know I'd feel that way

myself. It must be dreadful to be some

thing that isn't. I was very sorry after I had written that poem and created the

poor Speeler, because it doesn't seem

right to create a thing just for the sake

right to create a thing just for the sake of making it unhappy to please people who like poetry of that kind."
"I'm afraid it was a sensible poem," said Jimmieboy. "Because, really, Mr. Comet I can't understand it."
"Well, let me try you on another then, and take away the taste of that one. How do you like this, It's called 'Wobble Doo, The Squaller:"

"The Wobble Doo was fond of pie,

Was pickled cakes and ham.

He also loved peach jam, But what most pleased his eagle eye

But when, perchance, he got no cake

Jam, ham, or ple at all He'd sit up on a garden rake And squall and squall and squall.

And as these never came his way,

ment:

said Jimmieboy. "But I've seen

ed she, do you?"
"No," said Jimmieboy. "Why is it?"

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A STORY TO DELIGHT THEM_WASH-INGTON AS A BOY.

Another of His Children Sends Father Time a Story Which He Publishes. Those Who Sent in "Facts."

WHEN YOU ARE A WOMAN.

Some one at your feet will lowly kneel, For knighthood's badge from your dainty With a tremor he cannot conceal;

Some heart will cling to you to uplift it To higher regions of truth and love. Some eyes will look into your clear foun-

Seeking the light that is born above. Bome one will read in your sweet lips'

beauty, heart more pure than the purest

Some one will want you, and woo you, and win you, When you are a woman grown, little

one will bring to that cheek shell-The mantling tide from the springs of

Bome fingers will cling to your own for Some soul seek heaven with you as a

That toy with your curls, so careless Some one will worship the rose on your

Some man will be better for your con-

Or some man worse for your idle no; Some one will bless a woman's presence, Or, for your sake, curse a woman's

He will look upon woman as guiding an-

A creature divine by heaven's art. Or as base deception's fickle handmaid, With bitter regret that he had a heart, The sunlight will lie in your eyes cast

downward, With a softer light than it lieth now; Your lips will curl with a fuller pas Than childhood's lines will dare allow

But remember, dear, that danger lurketh; And, oh, little girl, be good, be true; Boast not vainly of beauty's conquests, For some one's future depends on you

Keep in your heart the llly's white-Keep in your eyes the light of truth,

eep on your brow the aspiration, The faith sublime that abides with ou is given to shape the future

With its high career for good or ill, Its deepest secrets to you are whisfortunes left to your own proud Through the witchcraft sweet of your

shyest glances. Through the wayward grace of your tiniest curl. The future will claim you for noblest

When you are a woman grown, little

JIMMIE AND THE COMET.

Jimmieboy was thinking very hard. He was also blinking quite as hard because he was undeniably sleepy. His father had been reading something to his mamma about a curious thing that lived up in the sky called a comet. Jimmiebe had never seen a comet, nor indeed be fore that night had he even heard of one, so of course his ideas as to what it looked like were rather confused. His father's description of it was enough, perhaps, but nevertheless Jim-mieboy found it difficult to conjure up in his mind any reasonable creature that could in any way resemble a comet. Finally, however, he made up his mind that it must look like a quer kind of a dog with nothing but a head and a tail—or perhaps it was a sert of a flery

At any rate, while he thought and blinked, what should he see peeping in at him through the window but the cemet itself. Jimmieboy knew it was the comet because the comet told him so afterward and besides it wore a placard suspended about its neck which had printed on it in great gold letters: "I'm the Comet. Come out and take a ride

through the sky with me."
"Me?" cried Jimmiehov cried Jimmleboy, starting up as soon as he read the invitation.

Immediately the word "Yes" appeared on the placard, and Jimmieboy walk-

ed over to the window and stepping right through the glass as though it were just much air, found himself seated upor the Comet's back, and mounting to the

Pim like so many pieces of till wire.

"Are you cemfortable?" asked the
Comet, after a few minutes.

"Yes," sail Jimmieboy, "only you
kind of dazzle my eyes. You are so

Comet appeared to be very much pleased at the remark, for he smiled so broadly that Jimmieboy could see the two ends of his mouth appear on either side of the back of his neck.

"You're right about that," and the Comet sadly: I couldn't afford it. I did all I could for him in writing the poem. Seems to me that was enough. It brought him giory, and glory is harder to get than cakes and peach jam ever thought of being. Perhaps you'll like this

"Absadee sollaker hollaker moo, Carraway sarraway mollaker doo— Hobbledy gobbledy sassafrass Sam, Taramy faramy aramy jam."

"I don't understand it at all. What, language is it in?" asked Jimmieboy.
"One I made up myself," said the Comet, gleefully. "And it's simply fine. I call it the Cometoo language. Nobedy knows anything about it except myself, and I haven't mastered it yet—but my! It's the ensiest language in the world to write receive, in. All you have to do is write poorry in. All you have to do is to go right ahead and make up words to suit yourself, and finding rhyme is no trouble at all when you do that."
"But what's the good of it?" asked

"But what's the good of it: asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh, it has plenty of advantages," said the Comet, shaking his head wisely. "In the first place if you have a language all your own that nobody else knows, nobody else can write a poem in it. You have the whole field to yourself. Just think how great a man would be if he was the only one to understand English and write poetry in it. He'd get all the money that ever was paid for English poetry, which would be a fortune. It would come to at least \$800, which is a good deal of money, considering."

"Considering what?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Considering what it would bring if wisely invested," said the Comet. "Dif you ever think of what \$800 was worth in peanuts, for instance?"

peanuts, for instance?" Jimmieboy laughed at the idea of spend-

ing \$800 in pearuts, and then he said: "No, i never thought anything about it. What is it worth in peanuts?" "Well." said the Comet, scratching his head with his tail, "it's a very hard bit of arithmetic, but I'll try to write it out for was." "I'm all the time getting off jokes and things."

Peanuts, you know, cost ten cents a "Do they?" said Jimmieboy, "I never ought a quart at once. I've only paid we cents a pint."

five cents a pint."

"Well, five cents a pint is English for ten cents a quart," said the Comet, "and in \$500 there are eight thousand ten centses, so that you could get eight thousand quarts of peanuts for \$500. Now every quart of peanuts holds about fifty peanut shellfuls, so that eight thousand quarts of peanuts equal four hundred thousand peanut shellfuls. Each "eanut shell holds two small nuts, so that in feur hundred thousand of them there are eight hundred thousand nuts."

you can crack without splitting?"
"That sounds interesting," said Jimmieboy, "but I'm sure I never could
guess." eight hundred thousand nuts."
"Phe-e-ew!" whistled Jimmicboy. "What "Yes," said the Comet, "but just you wait. Suppose you are one of these nuts Why, it's a joke, of course," said the minute, do you know how long it would

Comet. "You can crack a joke eight times a day and it's as whole as it ever was when night comes." was when night comes."
"That's so," said Jimmieboy. "That's funnier than the other, too. I see now why they call you a Comic."
"I'm hot a Comic," said the Comet. with a laugh at Jimmieboy's mistake. "I'm a Comet. I end with a T like the days when you have a dinner in the "No," said Jimmieboy, beginning to feel a little awed at the wondrous possibili-ties of \$800 in peanuts.

Four years, six months, three weeks and six days, and you'd have to eat Sun-days to get through it in that time," said "In soda water it would be quite as awful and in peppermint sticks at two cents a foot it would bring you a stick forty thousand feet, or more than seven miles long."

'Isn't \$800 wonderful," said Jimmieboy, overcome by the mere thought of so much peppermint candy.
"Yes-but really I am much more wonderful when you think of me. You haven't been on my back more than ten minutes and yet in that time I have taken you all

around the world." said the Comet. "All the way?" said Jimmleboy.
"Yes," said the Comet, stopping sud-"Here we are back at your win-

school."
"I'm very fond of a," said Jimmieboy.
"Specially when it don't make sense."
"That's the kind I like, too," agreed
the Comet. "I never can understand the ow again."
"But I didn't see China, and I wanted other kind. I've got a queer sort of a head. I can't understand sense, but non-sense is as clear to me as—well as turtle had the chance, but your preferred to talk

about poetry and reanuts. It isn't my fault. Off with you, now." And then the Comet bucked like a Western broncho, and as Jimmieboy went over his head through the window and lands: plump into his papa's lap, the queer creature with the flery tall flew off into

The Coming Man.

A pair of chubby legs, Encased in scarlet hose; A pair of chubby boots. A little kilt, a little coat, Cut as a mother can-And lo! before us stands in state

The future's coming man Those hands-those busy little hands-So sticky, small and brown; Those hands whose only mission seems To pull all order down

In sturdy hold they grasp. Ah, blessings on those little hands, Whose work is yet undone! And blessings on those little feet That has not learned to plan! Whate'er the future holds in store,

God bless the coming man!

Hidden within their clasp,

Though now it's but a taffy stick

The Adventures of a Slipper.

A year ago pa received a pair of yellow slippers for Christmas, and Jack was given a sweet little dog. I don't know which was most delighted, for each re-ceived exactly what he wanted; though for my part I would rather have had the puppy. He was a beautiful little fellow, "all black, except where there were a few white spots," as Jack expressed it, and as full of fun as a foot-ball game. Jack immediately named him Zero, because he

liked to roll and play in the snow.

Zero made himself at home immediately, and by New Year's day was looked upon as one of the family. Jack liked him better than ever, while papa said he was pretty good, though not nearly so com-fortable as his slippers, which he wore

On New Year's morning, while Zero lay sleeping before the bright fire in the hall, Jack heard papa ask: "Where's my other Nobody seemed to know, although papa

asked everybody in the house asked everybody in the house. One yellow slipper was missing, and papa was in despair. The single remaining slipper was of no use, and papa came down to breakfast wearing his old black slippers, which were not beautiful.
All this time Zero lay asleep before the

fire, and no one said anything to him about papa's loss, though Zero might have helped him, if he had desired. The night pefore the busy little dog had taken the slipper into the yard to play with, and after he got tired of play he came into the house and left the slipper under the If it had not snowed that New Year's

day the cook might have found it, but the snow covered it, and no one could tell where that bright yellow slipper was.

The snow lay on the ground for several weeks, and when it melted the slipper had turned to a dark brown, and no one would have recognized it as the one they had looked for.

Later on came spring, and the long, green grass grew up all about and hid the slipper completely from sight. The leaves of the bush above it also served

as Jack saw it he gave a cry of dengatit was the slipper.

A little bird had built her nest in it
and hatched her babies there, for half a
dezen bits of blue egg-shells were in the
bottom. The birds had all flown away,
so Zero did no damage this time.

Jack carried the prize into the house
and showed it to his father.

"Dear me," he said, "how curious. Why
bless my soul, it's my lost yellow slipper
the base carried it.

-1 believe Zero must have carried it

Zero jumped around and barked at hearing his name, for he thought he was being praired for finding such an oild thing. And it was so curious for a bird to build a nest in such a place, that papa forgave the little dog, and kept the slip-per-nest in his library as a curiosity.

Jingles for the Little Ones.

DISPROVED.

I am not made of dust, I know.
Just think what a muddle
I'd be in, every time I'd go
To take a bath, if this were so—
A regular mud-puddle.

BOBBY'S PREFERENCE. I'm very fond of baby boy.
I love my sister, too.
I let them have my bestest toy To play with, so I do.

I dote upon my daddy tall,

And mamma's awful sweet;
But custard I love best of all,
Because it's good to eat.

—Peggy Pattison. A CONSIDERATE BOY.

My father goes down to town To make my bread for me. And that's why I never frown When we've stale bread for tea;

And when the butter is not good, I sit and don't say "booh!" Because I've always understood My father makes that, too.

And I believe there is no doubt He works with all his might,
And if he wasn't just worn out,
The things would be all right.

—Carlyle Smith.

Washington's Boyhood. About this time of year the boys and girls of America are thinking a great deal about George Washington, and in their minds there are three predominating facts. The first fact is that he is ing facts. The first fact is that he is said never to have told a lie. The second is that he was the Father of his Country, and the third is that his birthday is a national holiday. If we revered the memory of the man for nothing else, he certainly would be endeared to the hearts of the youth of the land because, through his kindly act in being born on the 22d day of February, they have a day out of school to devote to skating sliding down hill or making

of Washington as a boy not very much

to the washington as a boy not very much is known, but that which has come down to us is interesting whether obviously true or possibly false.

There has been a good deal of doubt cast upon the story of the cherry tree incident by historians of late years, and investigation of the story's origin seems to the company of the story's origin seems to the cherry tree incident by historians of the story's origin seems to the cherry tree in the cherry t cast upon the story of the cherry tree incident by historians of late years, and investigation of the story's origin seems to attribute it to the unsupported testimony of a curious creature named Weems, who was a combination of minister, author, and book agent. There appears to be a general helief that Weems character was more of the style peculiar to the book agent than to the minister. to the book agent than to the minister, and that as an author he wrote things that he could sell as a book agent rather than the things he would care to utter as truth from the pulpit. Consequently a good boy, and is sure to do his duty." as truth from the pulpit. Consequently the later historians argue that the cherry tree episode was more likely to cherry tree episode was more likely to have taken place in Weems' imagination than in the garden of Washington's father, although they cannot deny that as a parable the story is an undoubted success. There can be no doubt that if Washington had had a hatchet his adventurous spirit would have led him into cutting down with it the biggest cherry or other tree he could find, and this being the biggest tree, it is reasonable to suppose that it was his father's able to suppose that it was his father's acteristics to be proud of our big things, and while at that period we did not exist as a nation, there must have been in Augustine Washington, the grandfather of his country, those traits which we have inherited. As for the candid acknowledgment of the lad, according to Weems' story, that he was the culprit.

The best is, just plain noise. Weems' story, that he was the culprit, that was certainly characteristic of the youthful George, so that true or untrue, the story is a good one, a beautiful one, and in a sense truthful, since it illustrates the character of his hero, and the spirit which prompts the writers of to-day to advocate its elimination from history is not altogether to be applauded. Sending to this office the greatest number history is not altogether to be applauded. History should always be read with a grain of salt, just as fiction, to be of value, must be seasoned with a grain of truth, so that at the worst Weems' fiction or fact can do little harm.

The date of Washington's birth, according to the calendars of that time,

was February 11, 1732, and the place was Bridges Creek, Va. He was the first of his father's second marriage. His mother was, before her marriage to Augustine Washington, a Mary Ball, and it is to her influence, rather than to of America owed his sturdiness of char-From the first his career was more or less eventful. There can be no doubt that as a baby he was all that a baby should full of laughter over serious things, and ready to weep grievously over the un important things of life. At the age of three he had his first experience with that most terrible and destructive element, fire. The house in which he was born, a farm house of the most ordinary type, wooden, with four rooms on the ground floor, an attic and a huge brick chimney, was burned to the ground, a sight which, in all probability, filled his little soul taken his home. It is perhaps due to this fire that the museums of the world are not stocked up to-day with broken toys and threadbare bibs played with and worn by the Father of his Country

in his infancy.

This episode resulted in the removal of the infant George and his family to another locality in Stafford county. Va., not far from the banks of the Rappahannock, and near to the village of Frederickshungs, where ericksbuprg, where one hundred and twenty-seven years later the Union army was repulsed by the Confederate forces. Here was passed the boyhood of Washing-Here was passed the boyhood of Washington; here was his character formed; here was laid the foundation of sturdy honesty that in after years carried him to the fore, and made him the deserving recipient of the tribute implied in the lines in the resolutions passed by Congress at his death: "First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The what we can guther, Washing-

that he would have to wait until another Christmas came before he got a new pair. Zero heard him say this, but paid no attention, for Zero had forgotten that he ever saw a yellow slipper.

But papa did not have to wait until another Christmas before he learned the fate of the missing slipper. And it was Zero who found it after all.

He and Jack were playing in the yard one bright June day, when Zero hid among the bushes, and soon came out dragging a most curious thing. As soon as Jack saw it he gave a cry of delightit was the slipper.

A little bird had built her nest in it.

Washington's first schoolmaster was a man named Hobby, who was sexton of

man named Hobby, who was sexton of the parish in which the family had settled. He was not a man of universal learning by any means, but he knew enough to teach his young pupil his enough to teach his young pupin has alphabet, and to start him along in penmanship as well. Judging from Washington's work in writing letters, the foundation in penmanship was better laid than that of spelling, for it must be admitted that the Father of his Country was a better man than speller, even in the days of his power, when people spelled after a fashion that would to-day bring more demerit marks than compliments. Whether Washington was popular or not with his sexton teacher we have no record, but it may be assumed that he was not, since the authorities give us to believe that it was not long before the pupil knew as much as, if not more, that his master.

In 1743, when George was eleven years alphabet, and to start him along in pen-

that his master.

In 1743, when George was eleven years of age, his father died, and the lad went to live with his half-brother, Augustine. While here he attended a good school under the care of a man named Williams, from whom he received an education of the ordinary sort, learning his own language to the exclusion of all others, and getting a fair grounding in the principles of mathematics, which stood him in good stead when, later, he became a surveyor. At this time we are told he was tail, active and muscular. He was the best runner or walker or rider among his companions, and the historian adds: He could undoubtedly have thrashed the best of them, all which tended to make him as a boy that which he showed himself

boy that which he showed himself mong men-a leader.

At the age of fourteen it seemed wise to

At the age of fourteen it seemed wise to his always wise mother to put him to work at earning his own living, and for a time ft appeared as though Washington was destined to become a sailor. Historians dispute upon this point as well as upon others. Some say that it was a part of the maternal plan to have a berth procured for her sen in the Royal Navy as a midshipman; others that it was George's ambition to become captain of a small trading vessel engaged in the then prevalent tobacco traffic. However this may have been, fortunately for us, the sea-faring project feil through and the lad returned once more to his mathematical and other studies.

Had it been otherwise it is hardly supposable that his name would have formed so brilliant a figure in the history of his country.

so brilliant a figure in the history of his country.

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen he is said to have written poetry, but of this there is some reason to doubt. He was not by nature a poet, and if he did occasionally indulge in rhyme it is probable that his effusions took the familiar form of valentines to his lady loves, with which those years of his life, like the same years in all other reasonable boys' lives, were no doubt enlivened. That he wrote something there is evidence in his rules for behavior, which contain much that is valuable, not only for boys bit also for grown men and women; that he believed in them thoroughly, too, is evinced by his record in after life, since they strike the keynote of the character which enabled him to achieve all that

Johnny's Reflections.

That what I cannot see is Just where he keeps his wondrous voice 'Tis twice as big as he is.

TE The reason why trees do not walk
Away from woods and farms
Is that they haven't any legs, For all their limbs are arms.

The best is, just plain not -Salt Lake Herald. OUR PORTRAIT AND PRIZE PUZZLES.

These puzzles will appear weekly. Once

have appeared during the month; or we will give to the winner any one of the books or articles mentioned below which Dickens, J. Fennimore Cooper, Charles Reade, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Miss Mulcek, Louisa M. Olcott, F. Mar-ion Crawford, W. D. Howells, Jane G. Austin; "Vanity Fair," of "Heary Es-mond," by W. M. Thackeray; "Adam Bede," or "Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot; "Prince and Pauper," or "Huckle-berry Finn," by Mark Twain; "All Aboard," and "Boat Club," by Oliver

Joel Chandler Harris; "Glovanni and the Others," by Mrs. F. H. Burnett; "Rud-der Grange," by Frank R. Stockton; "An Humble Romance," by Mary E. Wilkins; "Next Door," by Clara Louise Eurpham; "Boys' Own Outdoor by G. A. Hutchinson; "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," by Jules Verne; "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass," by Lewis Carroll; "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace; "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by E. S. Creasy; 'North in Mexico," by Fred A. Ober; 'Boyhood in Norway," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; or a volume of any one of the standard poets, or any of the following articles: A box of water colors containing sixteen superior moist colors, tubes of Chinese white and sepia and four brushes; a set of boxwood chess-men; a pair of club skates; a small stationary steam engine; a league base-ball; a fountain pen; or box containing five quires of Irish linen paper and envelopes to match. Each answer should bear designating number, and should this de-partment not come to the attention of those interested until after the appearance of two or three issues out of the month, the back numbers can be secured on application, and the puzzlers be thus en-abled to enter the competition. The anplication, and the pursuit of the an-abled to enter the competition. The an-swors may be sent us each week or held till the end of the month, at the pleasure

of the Union.

My 18, 2, 11, 15 was the most important must tell you, just here, that unless berson in the settlement of Pennsylvania.
My 8, 25, 5 was the cause of one of the can be taken of them, as the list of guesting the can be taken of them.

My 4, 17, 13 was one of Washington's

My whole was the most important event in the history of the United States.

49-DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND.

MIDDLE DIAMOND .- 1. A vowel. 2. A poisonous serpent. 3. A flower found in the garden in the summer. 4. Something "mightler than the sword." 5. A con-

OUTSINE DIAMOND (including the other and reading only across).—1. A consonant. 2. A public notice. 3. Clasps for staples. 4. Dominion. 5. What to do aster there, I would like to add one state. with money. 6. To make an effort. 7. A

60-BURIED CITIES.

Find the name of a city in each sentence, the letters following each other in order, though in different words.

1. Give an Indian a polished mirror, and he sees only his own greatness re-

2. The sweetest unison is produced by

4. Will you give me the music or keep it yourself? 5. The swift horse carried the victor on

6. It is a perfect outrage; no army should have been so treated.
7. I like anything so picturesque, because it reminds me of home.

The partial of the prize.

300 yar point in the prize.

The partial outrage; no army point in the prize.

The partial outrage and on the prize. A man whom a hat covers seldom

takes cold.

9. A boy caught a mouse with a cap.

10. I ate during my Italian trip olives fresh from the vines.

61-UNITED SQUARE WORDS.

to itself, that is, reads the same up and down and across.

UPPER LEFT SQUARE.-1. A male

The name of one of the leading female characters in Bleak House, 3. A human being.
UPPER RIGHT SQUARE.—1. A slight
fit of fretfulness. 2. Before. 3. A nu-

an article used by fishermen, a heavy weight, a negative, departed, a term of music, the present and past of to acquire, a fruit, part of the foot, an African animal, and a kind of firearms.

63-HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

Tell me the name of
The queen who dissolved a pearl and
drank it:
The queen who built a palace and its furniture of ice; The king whose life was saved by a

ider's web; The king who got angry with the sea and commanded it to be lashed; The king whom a peasant woman set to

cause he let them burn; The great man who lived in a tub.

The man who invented the multiplication table, and,

The slave who became a world renowned READ THIS NICE STORY!

Miss Jessie Young, of Hebron, Va., Wrote It School-Room Scenes. Most of us are very glad when school

commences, especially country children, as we generally get tired of our long vacation. The children all get to school bright and early the first morning, are in great spirits. If there is a teacher all are curious to "know how she will do." The children do very well for the first two or three days, but after that their good resolutions are some-Sometimes very funny things happen

over one of the little girls, Everyone was industriously studying, when all at once we were startled by a cry from her. She stopped long enough to tell us that she had burned her foot. The least thing will make us laugh in school, and it appeared very ludicrous that she should put her foot too close to the fire, burn it, and then cry about 't. We were much astonished at hearing

one of the pupils pronounce opaque as op-aque. It was some time before the teacher could understand what he meant, but she corrected him after a while Some one remarked afterwards, that Some one remarked afterwards, that his perception must have been slightly

Once while we were declining .rregular nouns one of us declined hit as hit, hat, hot; sit, sit, so.on, and cow as crow, crew, crewed. The teacher asked if he would say the rooster crewed. He forthwith speedily discovered his mistake and it was corrected.

I remember one day I was looking out of the window when a cow came by. The teacher's horse and jumper were standing by the window, and it seemed as if the cow was preparing to turn the jumper over. Anyway, the teacher was afraid to risk it, and one of the boys went out and drove it away. On the last day we 'eel sorter scrry and sorter glad that school is out, but

our vacation is almost too long, and we get tired of it before it commences again. So, let us make the most of the time we have and study hard. Those "Facts" Came From

Mary F. Hardy, Inez Wilson, John Taltaferro, Emmett Reade, Wiley Effin-ger, Bessie Martin, Asa Thompson, Bes-sie Wainwright.

My 13, 4, 10, 6, 9, 21, 7 is one of the States pear on this page at the head of the My 24, 12, 4, 40, 6, 7, 16, 12 is one of the names of all the competitors, whether successful or not, for we fully appre-ciate your interest, even if you do not generals.

My 3, 12, 23, 24, 10, 6, 21 was one of the first battles of the Revolution.

My 5, 11, 21, 6, 22 was a Revolutionary spy.

My whole was the most important event in the history of the United States. answer as it is received, but that is out of the question. Still, I remember just the same. Good-bye, until next

Affectionately, YOUR EDITOR.

BLOODY ANGLE AGAIN.

Lieutenant W. S. Archer Tells of What He

Editor of The Times: As I served throughout the war in the brigade which held the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, and it has most un aster there, I would like to add one state-ment to what has already been said, which I think has an important bearing

on the result.

I do not remember accurately the points of the compass, but will assume the general direction of the main line sharply to the right and rear, running I think, almost east. Now the pickeline did not conform to the direction of chords of sympathy.
3. Let me find out this enigma; then
Sarah and I will go.

the main line. On the contrary, it continued its northerly course for more than a thousand yards beyond the angle and 300 yards. A line drawn from the sa point in a northwesterly direction we not reach the skirmish line under i

yards.

The attack came from the west and northwest. It is necessary to bear all this in mind to understand what followed. The "Bloody Angle" was held by the Second brigade, Coionel Witcher, of General Edward Johnson's division. The Forty-Second Virginia regiment, of this brigade, held the skirmish line during the day and night of the 11th of May. At daybreak on the morning of the 11th the Forty-eighth regiment, to which I was attached, was taken out of the salbent, marched to the front and deployed to relieve the Forty-second.

It was just at this time, and whilst both regiments were extended in skirmish order that the cheering of the charging columns of the enemy was heard, and although they were evidently close to be none could be seen on account of a dense fog which enveloped everything. Nearly the whole of the two regiments were forced from their direct line of refreat The attack came from the west and

the whole of the two featments were forced from their direct line of retreat and compelled to make a detour or else stand the chance of running into the enemy, whose columns of attack to our left when first started were several hundred yards nearer the angle than we were. Many men kept an easterly course meral.

CENTRAL SQUARE.—I. A covering for the head. 2. A title used a great deal in "Arabian Nights." 3. A painful affection of a nerve usually in the head.

LOWER LEFT SQUARE.—I. A small point made with a pen or other sharp instrument. 2. A money used by the Anglo-Saxons valued at twenty pence sterling. 3. To convert skins into leather.

LOWER RIGHT SQUARE.—I. A grain. 2. The abbreviation of one of the Southern States. 3. A label.

The two perpendiculars of nine letters each can be read down; that at the left meaning the original name of New York city, and that on the right meaning a woman's underskirt.

E2—OMNIBUS WORD.

In a word of six letters meaning the name of a kind of meat, find a number, an article used by fishermen, a heavy weight, a negative, departed, a term of control of the first started were several man were dred yards nearer the ankle than we were. Many men kept an easterly course to avoid the first from our own men, who, whilst they could see nothing, could hear the cheering and were simply firing into the fore, and rejoined their commands later in the day. Many others, myself among the number, after making a determine the unmber, after making a determine the unmber, after making a determine the unmber results been. On crossing the works I started up the line towards the salient, but before reaching it the enemy could be seen directly in front and about seventy yards off the line had baited, and one good volley would have sent the whole helter-skelter to the rear. But it was not to be. And I can testify from personal observation as to the truth of General Walker's statement.

The fire of Stewart's men in line of histing dright meaning the content of the could be seen of the commands and one good volley would have sent the whole helter-skelter to the rear. But it was not to be. And I can testify from personal observation as to the truth of General Walker's statement.

contested skirmish. The penetrating which had been falling all 1 ight had the powder in the tubes, and the guns could not be fired. A sergeant of my real ment, who was with me, directed my at ment, who was with the tention to the angle. About forty yards away the enemy could be seen pouring over the works, and the artillery galleping into the salient. I saw the single gun mentioned by Colonel Carter, unlimbered and fired, and the battle lost, with many prisoners, for, although the battle around this angle all day and u o'clock at night, we never drove th

and they never gained an inch more

This grievous loss was the result of a combination of unfortunate circumstances which sometimes happen wherever war is waged. These were—First, the falliest mist, which rendered so many muskers unserviceable. Second, all the space in the salient occupied by the artillery and all that occupied by the Forty-eighth regiment was vacant, with neither musket nor cannon in it to fire a shot, and the enemy simply walked over the works without bindrance. The Forty-eighth, is true, was a small regiment, for on the 5th of May more than one half the men present with the colors had fallen in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness There were enough left, however, to have held the sallent if they had been in I vith dry powder. W. S. ARCHER,

Lieutenant Forty-eighth Virginia Regi-

A man who has practiced medicine for

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know sait from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 19, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentiemen.

—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have passes as a practice. say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Curemanufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take

that it would not cure. If they would it according to directions.

Yours truly.

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,

Office. 215 Summit street.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop's,

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Sold by druggists, Tic.

A reader of this that has not used Phenol Mouth Wash for cleasing the mouth, preserving the gums and teeth, and making sweet and pure the breath, and making sweet has a conce to use it, and the above results will be speedily accomplished. Price, 50 cents. A gold fish and globe given with each bottle at the City Drug Store, Eighth and Main streets.

When Baby was sink we gave her Castoria. When she was a Chile, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, see clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castools

What folly! To be without BERGEAM!

This hero of my rhyme, I really do regret to say, Was equalling all the time." "Your poems are all sad, aren't they?" said Jimmieboy. "Couldn't you have let Wobble Doo have just a little bit of cake Here is a Letter, Too! Literary Editor's Office: Dear Boys and Giris,—On next Sunday the successful guesser's picture will ap-48-NUMERICAL ENIGMA. I am composed of 25 letters. My 14, 23, 1, 8, 5, 30 was the original set-ler of North America. as a screen.

All this time pape still were his old black slippers, and said that he quested or jam?"
"No. It was impossible," replied the